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A True and Perfect RELATION

Of a most Horrid and Bloody

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Committed by One

Philmore's Wife

In *Blew-boar-Court* in *Field-lane*, *London*,

Upon the Body of

Her own Child.

Together with the Heads of her Confession in Prison.

This may be Printed. Sept. 18. 1686. R. P.

LONDON:

Printed by *T. M.* for the Author. 1686.

20. Sept.

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NOt to trouble the Reader with a tedious Prologue of the Judgments of God upon Murtherers, &c. I shall presently fall into the Relation of the following barbarous Action committed by *Mary Philmore*, the sad Subject of the ensuing Narrative.

She is the Wife of —— *Philmore* in *Blaw-boar-Court* in *Field-lane*, where they had liv'd in good honest repute for some years, she never having been observ'd to be addicted to ill courses, but living in very good order, being a kind Wife to her Husband, and a

careful Mother of her Children; her Husband the said *Philmore* having had two by her, both Boys, the eldest being about three years old, and the youngest about nine weeks old; neither were they poor so as to want necessaries, but live very well, he being a Shoe-maker in the said place: Yet (see the depravedness of Human Nature!) on *Sunday* the 13*th.* of this instant *September*, about Two of the Clock in the morning, having had some wrangling words with her Husband, she took her youngest Child from its Fathers arms, where it lay innocently sleeping, (the Father likewise being in a sound sleep, having watch'd with her the night before, because she had been ill, and taken a Sweat) and left he should wake and miss it, put her biggest Boy in its stead; and taking the harmless Infant down stairs, put its head into a Pail of Water, (which her Husband had over-night brought in, to boil their *Sunday's* Dinner) where she held it by the heels a considerable time, till she thought it was dead, and then taking it out, went

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and laid it on the Bed: But some time after hearing the Child cry, and the Devil still being busie with her to make it away, she brought it down again, and (O cruel and barbarous Woman!) put its head into the same Pail of Water, where she continu'd it till it was quite dead; & then took it out again, and spreading her Husbands Leathern apron upon the ground, laid it thereon.

After she had committed this Inhuman deed, and day began to approach, she forsook her House, and came to the Godmother of the Child which she had murder'd; who asking her what made her there so early? *Marry* (said she) *I have kill'd your God-Child.* God forbid, answer'd the Woman; I hope not! *'Tis too true*, reply'd the Mother, *for I have done it.* The Godmother still giving no credit to so amazing a story, desir'd her to stay till she had fetch'd some Drink at a neighbouring Alehouse, and she would go with her and see the Child; which the other consented to: but no sooner was she gone out of doors, but this

this desperate Creature went away; & being pursu'd by the terror of her guilty conscience, wandred up and down like a dissatisfied or rather distracted Woman, into *Southwark*, *&c.* not knowing whither or upon what account she was going, till it growing late at night, she came again so far towards home as *Puddle-dock*, where she sate her self down upon a Dunghill, and there continued till about Two of the Clock on *Monday* morning, when the Watch coming by apprehended her; and examining her where she had been, whither she was going, *&c.* her only Answer was, she was going she knew not whither, nor could she tell where she had been; for she had committed such a Crime, that she knew not what she did: And being ask'd what Crime it was, she desperately answer'd, *She had murder'd her Child.* Upon which Confession being secur'd by the Watch, she was some hours after sent to the *Poltry-Compter*, (where she her self related the most material circumstances herein mentioned) from whence she was

carried

carried before a Magiſtrate, who after Examination committed her to *Newgate*, where ſhe now remains to receive a Reward due for ſo unnatural and barbarous a Crime, and to be an Example to all ſuch Bloody Aſſaſſins.

On *Tueſday* the Coroner's Inqueſt ſate upon the dead Body of the Child, who found it to be *Wilful Murther.* The Child was wrapt in its Blankets, with clean Linen, and all things in as good order as an ordinary mans Child could be deſired.

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